

Tunnel Vision
by Cameron Mutchler

I was walking through a park one day. No matter what anyone says it was not the month of May it was in fact the day before Elizabeth Peratrovich day. So any way I was walking along and suddenly I was falling. I fell and I fell thorough a never ending tunnel. I fell and I fell. It felt like my mind was tearing apart. I could feel the glass wall that is my sanity cracking. Not only was my mind breaking, it felt like my body was as well. It felt like medieval torture, like I was being stretched by wild horses. I felt like I couldn't bear any more when I blacked out. I awoke to the voice of a stranger.

“Here let me help you up,”

“Ughhh!” I groaned

It felt like Zorro was practicing on all the soft parts of my head. Clutching my skull I looked around. I was in a city that did not look like my home town of Sitka. It looked like the father or maybe even grandfather of modern cities. The steel and glass construction of most modern cities had been replaced with wood and cement there was also a distinct lack of neon signs and SUVs. Curious as to my location I looked to my rescuer. He was a middle aged man of obvious native heritage with a kind face. He looked at me with concern.

He said, “Are you hurt?”

“No,” I replied, “but I do have a splitting headache,”

He smiled broadly, “Well I know the cure for that we will go to my favorite ice cream parlor,”

“You use ice cream to cure a headache?” I asked him unbelievably.

“Sure. Well, want to come?”

I thought it over and rolled the idea around in my mind like a professional wine taster might do with a fine wine. Finally I came to a conclusion.

“Sure, but I should warn you I don't have any money.”

“Well that's just fine,” he said, “I will pay for you.”

We went down to his favorite ice cream place which turned out to really look like an old time soda shop. We sat in companionable silence eating our ice cream until I decided to break the silence.

“So,” I asked him, “are you doing anything special for Elizabeth Peratrovich day?”

“What?!?” he asked in confusion.

“You know the holiday commemorating the woman who single-handedly won native rights.”

A look of annoyance flickered across his face chased quickly by a look of pride.

“You know,” He said conspiratorially, “Even though she is brave she didn’t do it alone.”

“Really,” I said mouth agape.

“It's true she had someone backing her up and helping her every step of the way,”

“Who was it? Who was it?” I asked bouncing up and down like a child at story time.

“It was none other than her own husband,” he said triumphantly!

“Wow I’ve got to do some research on this,” I said wiping off my hands. Then swiftly I stuck out my hand and said, “Well thanks for the ice cream friend, I enjoyed talking with you! By the way what is your name?”

“Roy Peratrovich,” he replied with a smile in his eyes.

I looked at him in amazement and was about to reply when suddenly I was snatched up by an unseen force and thrown in to the same tunnel I had been in before. Only this time there was a twist. I was falling up! I felt my mind being compressed. My body was being compressed as well it felt like giant hands were squeezing me from all sides, or as if I had walked into a trash compactor and was about to be turned out as a little cube. This time the landing was softer and instead of landing flat on my face (like last time) I landed on my back none the worse for wear. I wandered off wondering if it had all been a dream when I felt in my pocket a piece of sticky paper. I pulled it out and saw that it was the napkin that I had used to wipe the chocolate ice cream off my face. I will never forget my journey back in time, and I will always remember that to every story there are unsung heroes waiting to be discovered.